

The 400  
of Thompson Street.  
Kemble's Coons  
Leave for the country  
In Next Sunday's Journal.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

What Summer Brings.  
The Wheel In Africa,  
The Yellow Kid's Exit,  
The Blackberry Sisters,  
Next Sunday's Color Supplement.

NO. 5,305.

Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.—NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1897.—16 PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT In Greater New York; Elsewhere,  
and Jersey City, TWO CENTS.

## ADORED HIS SON, YET SLEW HIM.

Charles Kemble Hillyard  
Shot the Boy and  
Himself Dead.

"I, A WRETCHED IDLER."

Well-to-do, the Brooklyn  
Lawyer Feared Poverty,  
Hated to Be "Useless."

RELATED TO GREAT ACTORS

Grandnephew of Charles Kemble and a Second Cousin of Fanny Kemble.

CALLED THE LAD FROM PLAY.

Had Brooded Over His Wife's Death  
and Worried Least Their Child  
Should Know He, Too,  
Was Once an Actor.

Suppose I should kill my boy  
and myself, would it make any  
great difference to anybody?

I have no occupation. I am simply  
a wretched idler, and the  
example I am setting to my boy  
is very bad. I am tired of sham-  
ming. I want to go somewhere,  
I am useless here.

Always beginning and never ac-  
complishing anything—this has

yard's sister-in-law good-night. Then  
the man who had never been useful  
shot his son and himself dead. Their  
bodies were found yesterday.

Charles Kemble Hillyard was a  
grand-nephew of Charles Kemble, the  
great English actor; a second cousin of  
Fanny Kemble, the famous actress,  
and a second cousin of Nellie Grant's  
husband, Algernon Sartous. He had  
been an actor himself, but left the  
stage for the law. In his own words  
he tells best the causes that led to the  
tragedy.

The Last Statement of  
Charles Kemble Hillyard.

SUPPOSE I should kill my boy and  
myself, would it make any great  
difference to anybody? His mother  
is dead, his Uncle John would be re-  
lieved of the necessity of taking care of  
him in case of my death, and I hardly  
think the care he would give to the  
poor boy would be very great, and  
his Uncle Robert would be most re-  
luctant to have him in his keeping. As  
to the odium of this killing and suicide  
—what would it amount to? There  
might be no funeral service.

Well, what of it? There would be no  
flowers or friends or reverence. Well,  
what then? Willie would be at peace  
forever, no future, no tears, no agonies.

## MANY MILLIONS ESCAPED TAXES.

Vast Amount of Property  
Not Assessed at  
Full Value.

ON MILLIONAIRES' TRACKS.

In Tarrytown, Home of Rocke-  
fellers, \$13,000,000 of Hid-  
den Wealth Found.

STATE BOARD'S NEW DEPARTURE.

Tax Commissioners Declare That the  
Law Requiring Rating of Property  
at Full Value Must Be  
Obeyed Hereafter.

Albany, May 25.—Proof that millions  
upon millions of dollars worth of property

## GERRY'S VETO ON MUSIC PUPILS.

Refuses to Allow a Com-  
mencement Programme  
Carried Out.

SCHOOL THREATENS SUIT.

It Had Engaged a Theatre and  
Printed Bills for the  
Exercises.

YOUNG GENIUSES IN THE CLASS.

"An Outrage," Cry the Directors of  
the Conservatory, to Which Com-  
modore Gerry Replies, "It  
Is the Law."

Sidney Polar, secretary of the Kaminsky  
Conservatory of Music, announced yester-  
day that suit would be brought against the  
Gerry Society by the Conservatory because  
of interference with the fourth annual  
commencement exercises of the institution.  
Mr. Polar is indignant, Director Herman  
Kaminsky incensed and some of the pa-  
trons of the school heartbroken, and all  
because the Gerry Society prevented the  
appearance, at the commencement exercises  
Sunday afternoon, of nine budding ge-  
niuses whose names had already been printed  
on the programmes, whose little frocks  
and coats had been especially ordered for  
the occasion, and who had been practising  
their pieces, oh, for ever so long, in antici-  
pation of this day of triumph.

The Kaminsky Conservatory, at No. 242  
Henry street, is the swell musical institu-  
tion of the East Side. Four years ago he  
founded the Conservatory which bears his  
name, and has met with more than ordi-  
nary success.

The preceding exhibitions of the school  
have been uninterrupted, but this year a  
snag, in the shape of the Gerry Society,  
was struck. Sunday evening last was the  
time set for the exercises. The Windsor  
Theatre, on the Bowery, was engaged, the  
tickets issued, and the programmes printed.  
Application was regularly made to the  
Mayor, who referred it to the Gerry So-  
ciety.

There is was vetoed. The society's offi-  
cers inspected the programme, and found  
these offending numbers on it:

3. Piano solo, Fantasia.....Mozart  
Miss R. Robinson.  
5. Piano (four hands), Polchurina.....Frudel  
Miss Rose and Master Berrow.  
7. Violin solo, Fantasia.....Gounod  
Master S. Steinberg.  
9. Piano solo, Tarentella.....Pietronka  
Miss C. Simon.  
11. Piano (eight hands), Marche.....Plotow  
Misses Rosenfeld, Simon, Robinson, Moskowitz.

The names of the performers were those  
of children whose ages ranged from nine  
to fourteen years. The Gerry officers  
would not hear to children of their age  
appearing as musicians, and flatly refused  
to grant the application of the Conserva-  
tory.

So the little ones did not appear. The  
programme was given in abridged form,  
with the objectionable numbers omitted.  
The little members of the class will not,  
however, be deprived of showing what  
they have accomplished. A special pro-  
gramme for them has been arranged, and  
will be given next Sunday afternoon in a  
private hall—that of the Educational Alli-  
ance at East Broadway and Jefferson  
street. Secretary Polar said yesterday:

"We shall sue the Gerry Society for  
damages. We had already paid for the  
theatre, had our printing done and had sold  
tickets. It was impossible to postpone it  
or change the place. The action of the so-  
ciety was an outrage. Our institution is  
one which has found and developed some  
very talented musical minds among the  
poorer classes of the East Side. Many poor  
children we have given instruction free  
because of the unusual ability which they  
displayed. Gerry is a Gzar, a bigoted,  
narrow-minded, despotic censor, who is at  
present a travesty on justice."

And to this Commodore Gerry, when seen  
yesterday afternoon, replied:  
"It is against the law for children under  
sixteen years of age to appear in a per-  
formance on a theatre stage. We simply  
acted according to law."

A TRILBY AT MT. CLEMENS.

Mrs. Gage, of New York, Ties Du Mau-  
rier's Young Woman in Her  
Specialty.

Detroit, Mich., May 25.—Mrs. Addie Bel-  
den Gage, of New York, is a Trilby, but  
there is no Svengali in the case. She is  
taking the baths at Mount Clemens. When  
in a hypnotic state she sings Italian and  
French songs written one hundred years  
ago, though she cannot speak the languages  
when in a natural condition. She goes into  
a hypnotic state when playing a piano, and  
is then under the control of Clotilde, the  
great vocalist, who died a century ago.  
She is about forty years of age. Her hus-  
band is Omar F. Gage, who is said to be a  
cousin of Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the  
Treasury.

GETS A TON OF ROSES.

Mrs. Acklan Celebrates Her Victory, and  
Confesses How She Was Fooled  
in a Man's Age.

Wilmington, Del., May 25.—Mrs. Acklan  
is to-day enjoying the spoils of the victor.  
She has already received over a thousand  
congratulations on winning her fight against  
the Delaware Legislature and forcing it to  
give her a bill of divorce.

To these congratulations have been added  
about a ton of roses, the gift of a strange  
woman now visiting this city, who has all  
along actively sympathized with Mrs.  
Acklan.

In talking of her experiences Mrs. Acklan  
said to-day that she had refused a middle-  
aged German baron in favor of Acklan, be-  
cause she thought the latter was the thirty-  
two years old he claimed to be. She added  
rejoicingly that she had thought she was a  
pretty good judge of men and their ages,  
but Acklan has certainly fooled her, as she  
afterward discovered that he was at least  
forty-five years old.

## THE SHADOW OF THE JAIL FALLS ON HAVEMEYER.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls Comments on the Beginning  
of the Sugar King's Trial for  
Senate Contempt.



H. O. Havemeyer, President of the Sugar Trust.

By John J. Ingalls.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—That the trial of the President of the Sugar Trust for contempt and the de-  
bate on the sugar schedule in the new Tariff bill in the Senate should both begin on the same day is  
a dramatic coincidence that cannot fail to intensify public interest in the most momentous issue be-  
fore the people of the United States. Chapman, the broker, is in jail, having been convicted of contempt for re-  
fusing to answer questions of a committee concerning transactions of Senators in Sugar stock pending the con-  
sideration of the Wilson bill, in 1893, in which the trust was specially favored, and from which it has made enor-  
mous profit.

Havemeyer, the principal, is now on trial for contempt, in refusing to reply to questions of the same com-  
mittee touching contributions by the trust to political campaign funds for the purpose of influencing elections  
and controlling legislation. Both the defendants shielded themselves behind technicalities, pleading in the one  
case privilege and in the other ignorance. The question before the courts involves only the inquisitorial power  
of the Senate. Chapman and Havemeyer could purge themselves of contempt by saying that there were no  
transactions with Senators in Sugar stock, nor any contributions to the campaign funds of any political party.  
Their failure to reply raises no legal presumption either of guilt or innocence. But the contention has passed to  
a higher tribunal. The parties are on trial at the bar of public opinion, where such pleas are disregarded,  
and a refusal to testify to innocence raises the presumption of guilt.

The Senate Committee evidently appreciated this, for the tone of Mr. Aldrich was distinctly apologetic in  
his statement of the effect of the sugar schedule. He admits that the fact that a large portion of the business  
is carried on by one company furnishes a reason for unusual care in the adjustment of rates in order that no  
undue advantage shall be given to sugar refiners, and he claims further that the Senate schedule is less ad-  
vantageous to the trust than that of the House.

Men competent to judge affirm that the pending bill will add not less than ten millions per annum to the  
already extortionate gains of the trust; that it will put this article of universal use and consumption absolutely  
under the control of a single combination; that it will destroy competition, and annihilate the domestic cane and  
beet sugar industries, and add to the burdens that already bear so heavily upon the people.

This is bad enough, but the fundamental evil, with which even those who endure the oppression are most  
deeply concerned, is broader and deeper still. How are these exclusive and crushing monopolies acquired? Is  
it true that money is used to corrupt legislators, to control State and national elections, to make justice a  
travesty, to turn imprisonment into a farce, to plunder the nation and compel courts to protect them in their  
depredations? Rates and revenues are important, but they have become subordinate. We must have income  
to defray the expenses of the Government, to pay the public debts, to maintain the credit and faith of the na-  
tion, but there is something more valuable even than these, and that is integrity, honor and honesty. These  
are the foundation and underpinning of our system. If these are destroyed the fabric will fall. The people are  
aroused to the menace of money in politics. The action of Congress will be scrutinized with unprecedented in-  
terest, and it is a consoling symptom that Havemeyer is in the dock and Chapman in jail.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The Mil-  
lionsaire Prisoners' Club was  
formed to-day in the dingy old  
criminal court room of the City Hall by the  
allied sugar kings, Havemeyer and Searles,  
and their fellow-sufferer, Chapman, who  
was present as a witness.

The convention was brought about by the  
trial of Havemeyer, whose case came up  
to-day. With many jests and a levity un-  
becoming the situation, these latter-day  
barons of finance formed their organization,  
limited in number as yet, but destined by  
the grace of God and the vigilance of Com-  
monwealth attorneys to grow in size as the  
years roll on.

So many men of millions have rarely been  
gathered in so small a space outside of the  
Senate in Washington. The town has few  
millionaires as yet, and those here flock  
but seldom together.

None of the moneyed celebrities gathered

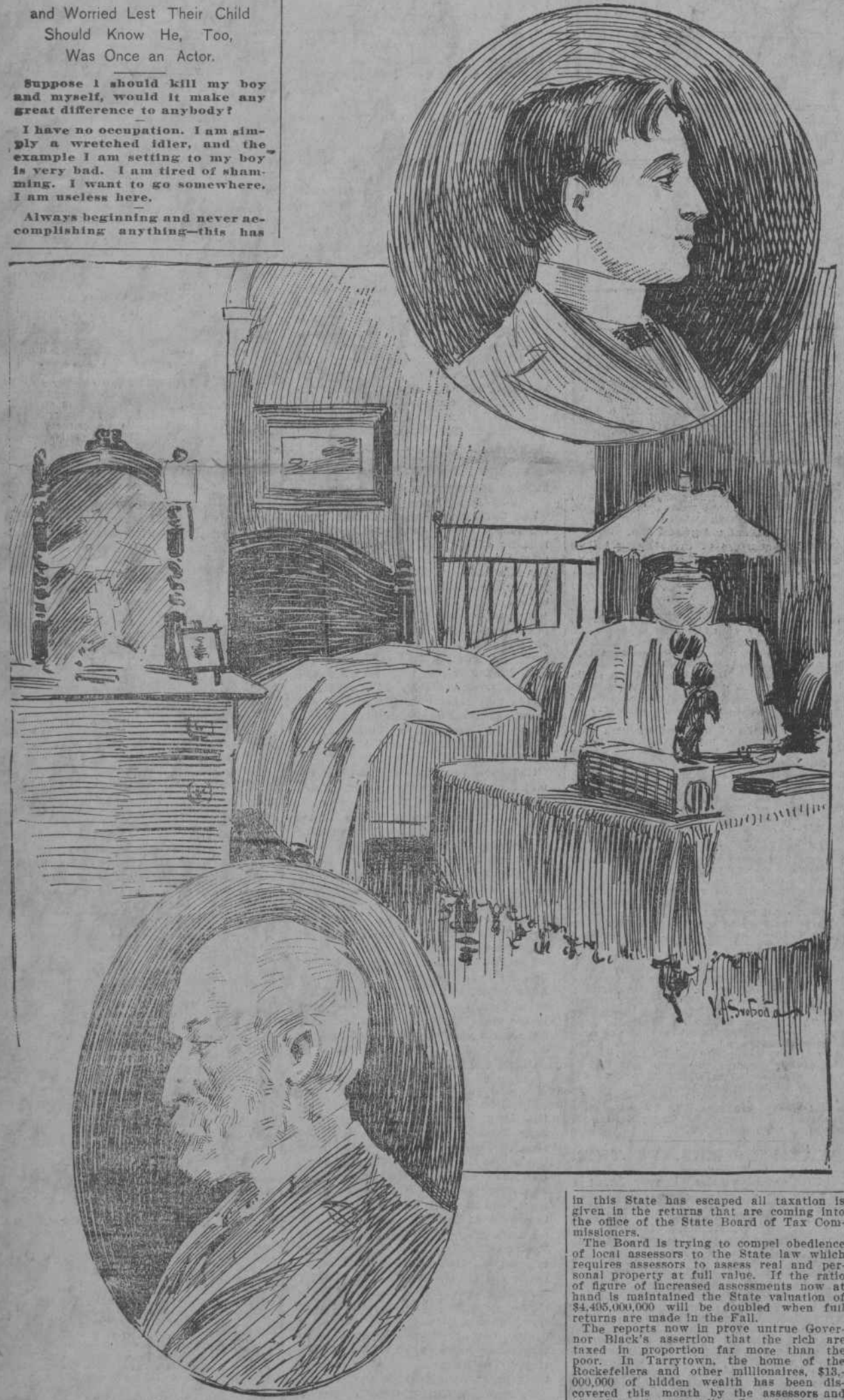
in the dusty, musty old court room looked  
like millionaires.

From external appearances they do not  
seem to have pie more frequently than  
other folks and dress like hotel porters off  
duty. They attracted much attention,  
however, and there was a general disposi-  
tion to treat them well, even if they were  
rich.

Four United States Senators also graced  
the scene and lent tone to the occasion.  
Notables in the Audience.

Altogether it was a great day for sketch  
artists. A camera could not have been  
levelled at any part of the room without  
catching a man whose name in any news  
story would be worth a scare head in even  
the worst of the exponents of the "Old  
Journalism."

The Roman mob was filled in with young  
lawyers just through Blackstone, old court-  
room loungers, lights of the local bar anx-  
ious to witness the contest between such  
to amuse him, and certainly a more amu-



Charles Kemble Hillyard, His Son, William Kemble, and Their  
Room.

been the story of my life.

This horrible idleness is the  
cause.

I cannot meet the responsibil-  
ities of life. I was wretchedly  
trained for life's duties, and I  
can now do nothing but lament.  
I have never taken my place in  
the great army of bread winners.  
I have never been a useful man.—  
CHARLES KEMBLE HILLYARD, FROM  
HIS LAST STATEMENT BEFORE SHOOT-  
ING HIS LITTLE SON AND HIMSELF.

"I have never been a useful man."  
This was the burden of the epitaph  
that Charles Kemble Hillyard wrote  
for himself. Monday night he called  
his little son to come to their sleeping  
room. The boy left his bicycle that he  
was cleaning. The two bade Hill-

no temptations, no sins. He would be  
in Paradise. And that would be all I  
ask. For myself, what matter cer-  
emony or regret. I could not be in a  
greater hell than I am now in.

Only an Idler.  
I have no occupation. I am simply a  
wretched idler, and the example I am  
setting to my boy is very bad. I am  
tired of shamming. I want to go some-  
where. I am useless here.

I cannot earn a living; my life is a  
dreadful failure. I have studied law  
for many years, but can make nothing  
out of it.

I have no male friends, no influence.  
I am living the life of a recluse, and  
that will never change, for I am not of  
a pushing or social nature. My boy,  
Continued on Second Page.